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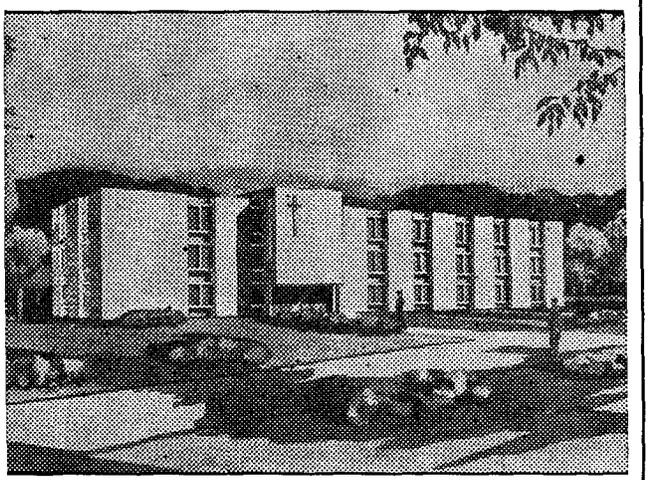

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Democracy in Latin America

PRESIDENT Kennedy, in his State of the Union message, has called Latin America "the most critical area in the world today." In the midst of terrible poverty and political instability the ferment of revolution is intense. The most recent and troublesome evidence of this unrest is in Guatemala's military coup, led by Colonel Enrique Peralta Azurdia, the third such in Latin America in a year.

Evidently Colonel Peralta's coup was anti-Communist in design. The deposed President, Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, and his Government could hardly be called pro-Communist. (According to a New York *Times* report, President Ydigoras pressed President Kennedy, at the San José Conference, for a military attack on Cuba.) But the country was in the midst of an election campaign, and it is probably true that Colonel Peralta and his group feared the re-emergence of the leftist former President, Juan José Arévalo, more than anything. Arévalo, himself has recently proclaimed that he is in fact anti-Communist. In any case, the extreme right-wing nature of the new ruling junta in Guatemala cannot be mistaken.

Colonel Peralta's coup may be anti-Communist, but it is certainly also anti-democratic. Its first acts were to suspend the Constitution and dissolve the Congress, as well as temporarily to suppress all political activity. The Colonel has announced that when political activity is resumed any party with Communist sympathies will be prohibited. But according to the pattern of all such military regimes, one can expect that no strong political opposition whatsoever, no matter how free from Communist sympathies, will be tolerated.

Ironically, of course, such an extreme right-wing military coup tends to have an effect opposite from what it intends, for it is usual in such circumstances for the political groups in a country to polarize to the left and right and for political moderates to disappear. This in fact usually works to the advantage of the Communists, even though they may be temporarily suppressed, as in Peru. There is, moreover, some evidence that the Communists are stepping up their activity in Latin America. The recent three-day Continental Congress of Solidarity with Cuba in Niteroi, Brazil, was such a sign.

WHETHER the new regime in Guatemala will succeed in establishing itself or not remains to be seen. One may fear the consequences of its success as much as those of its failure. In any case it offers the same lesson as that of the several other military juntas established in South American countries recently, that is, the danger of the trend of right-wing, anti-Communist agitation in aggravating the kind of reaction at extremes which can only ruin the hope of democratic revolution. As Archbishop Dom Helder Camara of Rio de Janeiro said lately, "our rich in Latin America talk much about basic reforms, but call Communists those who decide to carry them out."

In the meantime, Washington will do well to wait before recognizing Colonel Peralta's regime, to give everyone time to weigh its significance. In the first place, though it is highly unlikely, the regime may fall tomorrow. Aside from that, it can hardly represent the spirit of the Alliance for Progress, chief among whose aims is to encourage democracy in the tradition of Latin America's great liberators.

What seems to have happened in Guatemala is that the engineers of the military coup have taken the anti-Communist declaration of the San José Conference more seriously than the revolutionary aims of the Alliance. Must it be pointed out once again that anti-Communism as such is only a negative response and does not begin to take the measure of Latin America's ills?

Perhaps there is a general feeling that the Alliance is faltering. If so, it can only be because of such lack of imagination as that shown in Guate-

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mala. The Alliance cannot be allowed to fail, because it represents the only alternative to the various forms of enslavement which can overtake Latin America. The moment of democratic revolution is now; the Guatemalan coup would seek vainly to put it off until tomorrow.

Colloquium at Harvard

THERE IS, in our day and age, no longer any special novelty in the idea of "dialogue." It is a word heard on all sides. No one, or very few at any rate, are opposed to men coming together to meet, to talk and to get to know one another. But in practice it is often far harder to make dialogue efficacious and meaningful than it is to pay pious lip service to the ideal. And in hard fact there have been far more people talking about dialogue than engaging in it.

This has surely been the case with Protestant-Catholic dialogue: the number of men who have actually talked with one another for a sustained period of time on central ecumenical problems has been few. Indeed, for years the burden has been borne by a handful of men—lonely pioneers whose own intensity was in sharp contrast to a broad suspicion and apathy.

Given this discrepancy between ideal and reality, the recent "Roman Catholic-Protestant Colloquium" at the Harvard Divinity School, which ran from March 27 to March 30, marks an important milestone. To be sure, the appearance of Augustin Cardinal Bea for a series of three lectures on the Council and Christian unity contributed significantly to the importance of the occasion; for both Protestants and Catholics alike he has become a symbol of the depth of the Church's anguish at the scandal and pain of disunity. It is impossible to hear his words or to read them without a vivid realization that the quest for Christian understanding has entered into the mainstream of the Church's life.

Yet at the same time, if that is possible, the Harvard Colloquium transcended even the fact of Cardinal Bea's presence. In the sheer number of participants—some 150 Protestant and Catholic theologians and scholars (including, we are pleased to say, two editors from The Commonweal)—it matched anything which has been done in the past in America. For the first time, it brought together a large group of men to discuss specific theological issues, publicized the fact of their discussions and, no less important, involved many who had hitherto not taken part in any kind of dialogue.

But numbers alone are hardly any guarantee of success. For that matter, it is not at all clear just what should count as "success"—especially when both Protestants and Catholics alike clearly know that genuine unity is all but unthinkable at present; and when they know that deep and serious divisions exist on the most central articles of Christian belief. That said, we can confidently assert that the Colloquium was a magnificent, inspiring and unexpected success.

It was a success because, so far as we can judge, those present took their work with utmost seriousness; few, we believe, saw the Colloquium as just an interesting and diverting few days of light talk in a hopeless situation. On the contrary, the participants displayed a deep awareness that dialogue is listening as well as talking; that it entails a willingness to search first one's own positions before criticizing those of another; that it requires the sternest type of self-discipline to repress the natural tendency to think in stereotypes about another person or about the church of which he is a member.

Perhaps its greatest success, however, was in showing all those present that a sustained meeting between Protestants and Catholics does bring them closer together. Even when, on one level, it is possible to say that nothing was changed, it is equally possible to say that, on another level, everything was changed. Animosities remain, suspicions remain, clichés remain; but they have now to cope with forces no less strong—a vital spirit of charity, intense dedication to unity, and the power of a common love of one Lord, one Redeemer.

Next Week

JULIAN PLEASANTS writes about religion and science: "I hope that the religious and evolutionary ideals can eventually be seen as complementary . . . but meanwhile let us not underestimate the stimulation of the evolutionary dream in its own right. By contrast, religious apologetics has often shown a complacency in human failures amounting to a vested interest."

To Stimulate Employment

OPTIMISM over immediate business prospects appears to grow with the spring. Consumers as such are doing well, and corporate management is increasing its capital outlays enough to inspire predictions of a real economic upturn by this fall.

Quite in contrast is the employment picture. There are many indicators. By now 2,200,000 workers have been jobless for so long that they have exhausted their Social Security benefits, while 40,000 more are joining their ranks every week. The un-

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employment rate is above six per cent. According to Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz, the "groups most seriously affected" are the unskilled, young people, Negroes and older people. Swelled by an ever larger work force and an automation that continually cuts out jobs, unemployment grows.

To meet this blight, which he rightly charges with domestic social and foreign policy consequences, President Kennedy has placed his major trust in a tax cut to be spread out over three years. But his plans have encountered rough going. Somewhat to their surprise Administration leaders have been getting more expressions of fear of larger deficits than mail welcoming tax relief or favoring such an attempt to stimulate business and employment.

In the House Ways and Means Committee, source of this type of legislation, opposition is considerable. If the enabling bill emerges from committee by June it will be doing well. Of course, Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, is dead against tax relief that is not coupled with a comparable budget cut. His second in command, Russell Long of Louisiana, who had been expected to pilot the Administration bill through the Senate, now favors instead lower interest rates and greater availability of credit. At best a compromise cut may be arrived at too low to produce sufficient stimulating effect yet big enough to add materially to the annual deficit.

The problem of converting potential into effective purchasing power remains. One way of attempting this is a substantial tax cut, another a major program of needed public works. Either one would deserve priority over credit devices intended to encourage business to undertake expansion aimed at a phantom market.

Voting in Greenwood

THE DECISION of the federal government to seek an injunction against city and county officials in Greenwood, Mississippi, is a good one. For months now, in the face of a major Negro voting registration drive, city and county officials have countenanced flagrant acts of violence and repression, have jailed Negro registration leaders and have done everything in their power to deny the Negro his basic rights as an American citizen.

No doubt the intervention of the government will be resented by many in Mississippi. Yet it is very hard to be sympathetic with any complaints on that score. For the simple fact is that the Negro in Greenwood can depend for help only on the federal government; and the help he wants is simply the right to exercise that franchise which is the right of the citizens of our democracy. The situation in Mississippi is intolerable; if the citizens of that state do not put their own house in order then the federal government has no choice but to intervene.

WASHINGTON REPORT

Setback for Foreign Aid

THE CLAY Committee report on foreign aid made its arrival last week like so many other episodes in the history of this program—amid a flurry of contradictory statements and confusing news stories. The nature of its debut has compounded the weaknesses of the report. As a result, the program as it now stands has been harmed and the reforms that would have strengthened it have been further delayed.

Although foreign aid is under one administrative tent, the Agency for International Development, and is commonly spoken of as if it were a single enterprise, it is actually a group of several different programs which go badly together. These are military assistance, which includes weapons and training missions; secondly, military support which means the building of access roads, the laying of pipelines, the clearing of harbors, and other projects to facilitate military purposes; thirdly, technical assistance which covers instruction in such matters as improved farming techniques and public health practices; and fourth, money for basic economic development such as dams, highways, and steel mills.

The Clay Committee report calls attention to the fact that the United States now has a foreign aid program of some kind in ninety-five countries and suggests that we are spreading ourselves too thin. This is a most unfortunate emphasis. The really significant fact is that two-thirds of our aid since 1949 has gone to just seven countries: Greece, Turkey, Pakistan, Laos, South Viet Nam, Nationalist China (Formosa), and South Korea. What these countries have in common is that they lie along the periphery of the Russian-Chinese heartland and are all actively or potentially subject to Communist military attack or penetration. In short, aid to them is money spent fighting the cold war. Such aid has only secondarily or incidentally to do with economic development.

If we think of foreign aid as an economic, long term, non-military way of building a better world for all our neighbors on this globe and also, as part of that effort, a way of removing the conditions that encourage Communist infiltration, then we have barely started on the job. During much of the 1950's, for example, this

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country contributed only $50,000,000 a year to India's development, a very tiny contribution if we think of the staggering task of 375,000,000 people trying to lift themselves out of deep poverty. Similarly, throughout most of the past decade, we gave almost no development assistance to the countries of Latin America and Africa. At the end of the Eisenhower Administration and during the first two years of the Kennedy Administration, we have begun to lift our sights somewhat. But if we are to follow through on our well-intentioned rhetoric about waging war on poverty, hunger, and disease, about making an alliance for progress, and about dedicating the 1960's as a decade of development, then we should attempt a much more ambitious program and spend much more money.

THE FUNDAMENTAL reform which the Clay Committee did not discuss but which the program badly needs is to divide military assistance and economic development into completely separate categories under different names and administered by different departments. The Pentagon should administer military assistance, and money for this purpose should be budgeted with other military appropriations. Guerrilla warfare in Viet Nam and counter-insurgency campaigns elsewhere in Southeast Asia may be necessary, but to mix them in with peaceful economic development programs only confuses the public at home and abroad and puts our moral purposes in doubt. Only if economic development is taken out of its cold war context can it arouse in this country the kind of generous, warm-hearted, ethically motivated support which the Marshall Plan, Point Four (when it was first put forward by President Truman in 1949), and the Peace Corps have attracted.

Secondly, we must have a clearer understanding of the relationship between our aid programs and our political policy overseas. This relationship is well-understood by the State Department, but the Clay Committee as well as some members of Congress and many in the general public do not sufficiently appreciate it. There are countries where we give assistance neither for military reasons nor for valid economic reasons but only to keep open a political option. Guinea on the west coast of Africa is an example. After obtaining its independence from France, it broke from the French African bloc and rushed into the arms of the Russians. Technicians and advisers from the Communist countries appeared in large numbers. Guinea echoed the Communist line on several disputed international questions. But disillusionment with the Communists set in.

In the spring of 1961, William Atwood, the new American ambassador, persuaded our government to grant aid to Guinea despite its unpromising record from our viewpoint. This policy has worked quite well. Guinea has veered away from its pro-Communist line and is now a genuinely neutral country. Since blocking Communist penetration is one of the major aims of our policy in Africa (it was one reason for our strong support of the U.N. intervention in the Congo), this aid policy in Guinea was sound. It may also be money well-spent as far as the country's economic development is concerned, but realism requires us to recognize that our chief motive was political, not economic.

Indonesia is another example. Communists have achieved great influence because of the Sukarno government's complaisant attitude and carefree economic management. The U.S. would never give Indonesia substantial aid under present circumstances. But we do operate minor technical assistance projects, give surplus American food, and extend some military assistance. Our aim again is political. We want to maintain "an American presence" in the country pending future developments. If, after Sukarno passes from the scene, there should be a showdown between the Communists and the military, we wish to have contacts among the Army officers.

The Clay Committee report is not helpful because it fails to make the distinction between military assistance and economic development, and because it fails to distinguish the three kinds of aid recipients: those in the front lines of the cold war (such as Viet Nam and South Korea), those which are engaged in major economic development programs (such as India and Venezuela), and those in which our interest is chiefly political and opportunistic (such as Guinea and Indonesia).

The dominating figures on the commission were General Lucius Clay, a retired army officer, for the past dozen years head of Continental Can Co., and now a senior partner in Lehman Brothers banking firm, and Eugene R. Black, a former bond salesman who served for the past decade as president of the World Bank. Two other investment bankers, an oil company president, and an international lawyer comprised a majority of the ten-man group. The report reflects the orthodox conservative view that economic development is primarily a task for the World Bank and for private investors. These conservatives ignore both the pressure of time as the menace of violent revolution rises in the crowded, impoverished, backward countries and the pressure of political competition from the Russians and Chinese.

President Kennedy appointed the committee in order to get the political backing of the business community for the foreign aid program. The committee's report has left him to answer the probably insoluble question: can a President with avowedly liberal purposes devise an aid program to meet the revolution of rising expectations and still abide by the canons of conservative bankers?

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(William V. Shannon is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Washington.)

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The Germans and Berlin: One Wall, Many Views

ADOLPH SCHALK

THE FIRST THING that strikes the stranger after he arrives at West Berlin's Tempelhof airport is that nothing particularly strikes him, unless it be the convenient location of the airport in the heart of the city. As he rides in his cab to his hotel, he passes several miles of broad, bustling boulevards and apartment houses not unlike those on Chicago's Fullerton Avenue, hundreds of shops and hundreds of thousands of well-groomed pedestrians. Not a sign of the Wall or crisis at all.

When, after checking into his hotel on the famed Kurfuerstendamm (nicknamed "Kudamm"), West Berlin's Broadway and Times Square rolled into one, he inquires about the Wall, he learns that it is still a long way off. Newspapers and advertising columns announce a poodle show, a soap exhibit, a forthcoming Duke Ellington concert, and "My Fair Lady" in German. Elsewhere thousands of Berliners are cramming the fun house and roller coaster at an amusement park. In the vast, sprawling city, one-fifth of which is agricultural land, one-third of which consists of parks (there are 50,000 boats on West Berlin lakes), people can live and die without ever seeing the Wall.

Life for West Berliners has aptly been compared to the eye of a hurricane—while all around tempests are swirling, life within is routine and normal. At a bus stop I asked a middle-aged Berliner about the crisis. "Crisis?" he asked. "Which crisis do you mean? You want to know something? I don't even remember what last year's crisis was all about." A moment later he made a comment, seemingly unrelated, that reveals about as well as any comment can what the Berliners are really concerned about. "What burns me up is that they don't put enough buses on this line. I've been waiting here half an hour."

More than seventeen years of the cold war, with its waves of crises—rape and looting by Russian soldiers, postwar destitution and starvation, a Communist blockade, and now the Wall—have hardened West Berliners. The same brusque, aggressive, outspoken Berliner manner, with its blunt sarcasm and sassy repartee and fierce local patriotism which infuriates and exasperates other Germans, has also proved to be a built-in safety valve. "We have calluses on our nerves," West Berliners will casually observe.

From his hotel the visitor rides nearly a half hour in a second cab before it turns the corner onto the Bernauer Strasse where, suddenly, like the subconscious reality of death lurking in the background, there it is, the Wall, the watchtowers, the death strip, the sulky East Berlin guards with their submachine guns and broken mirror fragments that they hold up to frustrate photographers. And just as suddenly it becomes clear to the visitor that the West Berliners' apparent blasé indifference doesn't ring true. One sympathetic word too many will bring forth a flood of tears from a housewife. "My mother is still over there," sobs one. "I haven't seen her since the Wall. At first, my husband, children and I used to carry a ladder to the Wall, lean it against a lamppost and from that position take turns waving at mother on the other side. Since the death strip this is no longer possible."

THE WEST BERLINER, and for that matter the average West German, never tires of hearing pledges of support from the West. Newspapers play up American support of Berlin in a childish way, much like a jealous wife insisting on endless affirmations of love from her husband, and to an American living in Germany this is a constant source of annoyance. "President Kennedy could issue a daily promise on Berlin," one West Berlin editor has admitted, "and every day it would be a banner headline."

The feeling in such a remark betrays a deep-rooted insecurity about Berlin. "We have two concerns," a West Berlin Catholic lay leader told me, "one, what happens in the East and two, what *doesn't* happen in the West. It is always the same thing. The Communists are active, active, active!"

As in West Berlin, I found in East Berlin a mixture of almost naive, childlike trust in the United States

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coupled with widespread apprehension that the United States will not honor her commitments on Berlin. At the same time the predominant mood among the ordinary people on both sides of the Wall appears to be one of resignation (in the Soviet zone it is apathy) rather than determination. "A good many people in East Germany," one priest in East Berlin told me, "have come to the point where they are merely waiting for war, because they believe that only war can bring peace. Hatred and apathy, these are our biggest enemies."

In a recent broadcast over the West German radio station in Cologne, Dr. Felix Rexhausen, an editor of the station, told of his impressions after a visit to Leipzig in East Germany: "You cannot talk to anybody before he has not looked twice to the right and twice to the left and three times behind him; it's what was called the 'German look' during the Nazi times. . . . When I was in Leipzig a few years ago, I spoke with a grocer woman. She told me, 'Our only hope is the West.' I didn't say anything and went away. It was quite obvious, at that time the West was a sort of 'Savior,' which will save us one day, without the slightest idea how this could take place in reality. This unrealistic hope has meanwhile given way to a mood of absolute hopelessness.

"One person said to me, 'What actually do you people want? Are you perhaps going to come here again next spring and test us again and see how far things have gone with us, physically and morally, and then go on like this? Do you find that interesting?' It is also quite obvious that the people are getting sick and tired of always hearing words of pity, hollow phrases from the West and at the same time being slandered from this side. I spoke with an old teacher for some time and at the end of our talk he said, 'Now if you are going to use all this, let me tell you one thing: I do not wish with this to contribute to deepening the West Germans' malicious smirk about our Republic.' The man was one hundred percent against the system over there. But somehow he had the feeling: after all, this contempt is also directed against me. . . . One of the most bitter words I heard was what one man told me. He said, 'One day you will blame us for having lived here.' "

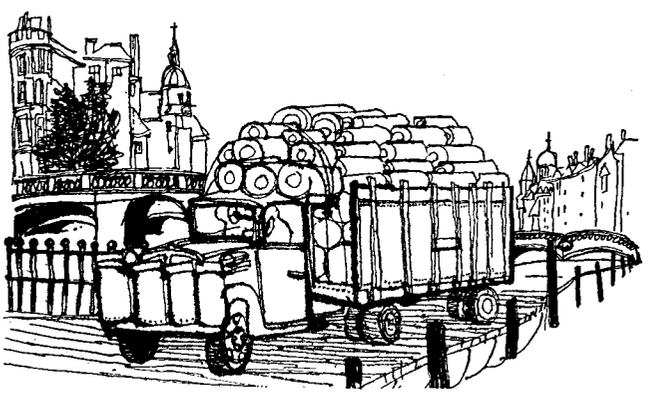
OFFICIAL West German concern for Berlin is not only obvious but overwhelming. Immediately after the erection of the Wall on August 13, 1961, West Berlin police drove panel trucks mounted with loudspeakers all along its twenty-five mile snake-like length. "Remember Eichmann!" the loudspeakers blared at the "Vopos" (*Volkspolizei*-"people's police") behind The Wall. "One day you too will be called to account for collaborating with a dictatorial regime as he was. "Murder remains murder," the speaker continued, referring to the Vopos' shooting and killing of escaping refugees from the East Sector, "even if it is exercised under command. Remember Eichmann!"

Since last December West Berlin authorities have been putting up big posters along The Wall, urging East German police purposely to miss when they shoot at refugees. Showing a sympathetic-looking East German border guard, the posters are captioned, "I aim to one side."

Elsewhere, West Berlin police appeal to East Berlin guards' consciences by displaying, across from observation slits on the East Berlin side, huge enlargements of photos showing the human misery caused by the partition. Sixty West Berlin police, equipped with miniature cameras, have documented numerous inhumane acts by Vopos, sometimes even catching them in the very act of shooting escapees. "Our cameras," a spokesman for the West Berlin police department has said, "are feared by the border police almost more than our weapons."

Even though the traditional intense local patriotism plays an important part in keeping the 2,200,000 inhabitants in West Berlin (immediately after erection of the Wall, Berliners were leaving at the rate of 2,000 per week), it is doubtful whether they would have held out so long without the artificial respiration of tax exemption and subsidization. (In 1961 Federal aid to Berlin amounted to 1.1 billion D-marks.) Income taxes are nominal, corporation taxes are slashed to the bone and generous subsidies are available for every conceivable organization. Berlin newlyweds who promise to stay in Berlin receive attractive loans at low interest rates (reduced with the birth of each child). Even airlines have been partly subsidized for flights to Berlin. In 1962 some 105,000 pupils from West Germany were sent via the airways to Berlin at government or state expense.

Two plush information centers in West Berlin supply vast quantities of printed matter and glossies to visiting journalists, and the Federal Press Office alone spends millions of D-marks annually subsidizing tours of journalists from North Carolina to Sydney, through West Germany, always with an emphasis on Berlin; in addition, it turns out tons of printed matter in many



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languages for world-wide distribution. Generous government grants are available to dozens of West German cultural and political organizations which directly or indirectly are concerned with the German problem. In 1962, a total of 512,000 visitors, 376,059 from West Germany, visited Berlin, many of them as a result of clever government-sponsored promotion. Special Berlin-orientated radio and television programs (all government sponsored anyway) daily remind millions of Germans of the Berlin problem.

WHAT all this feverish activity amounts to is nothing other than a crusade and, like all crusades, the Berlin crusade tends to oversimplify, distort and sweep all differences out of the way. One hesitates to criticize such a noble cause as that of Berlin, yet precisely because so much is at stake it is wise to call attention to the complexities and dangers involved. Otherwise there is a real risk that the anti-Communist crusade over Berlin will itself begin to resemble the thing that is being fought.

Psychologically, of course, the Berlin crusade provides emotional release to make the burden of guilt for the Third Reich easier to bear and to counteract the enormity of adverse publicity that continues almost daily to plague Germany. One cannot help but sympathize with many thousands of responsible Germans who have done so much to "digest the past" and are understandably weary of outsiders-come-lately poking around in Third Reich ashes, while the new Hitler looms beyond the Wall.

Nevertheless, intellectual honesty requires a mention also of the countless thousands of West Germans who pay only lip service to Berlin and couldn't care less about reunification as long as their own bellies are full; of the thousands of flourishing business transactions with East Germany by West Germans and Americans; of the support in East and West Germany for Mr. Ulbricht's government, which official Bonn prefers not to notice.

I for one am concerned about the unhealthy trend in certain government and, alas, ecclesiastical circles that can only be called McCarthyism. Giving up the Oder-Neisse territories would a priori be "giving in to the Communists." Franz Josef Strauss, the former defense minister, a Catholic, enjoys almost blind loyalty from a vast segment of Catholics even though in the *Spiegel* affair and elsewhere he has demonstrably discredited himself. To criticize the CDU/CSU is regarded by a great many Catholics as an attack on the Church. And, in the same vein, anything but a monolithic approach to Berlin is regarded as Communistic.

It does not even occur to the average German that the Berlin Wall is the product not only of the Communist regime in the Soviet Zone but also a product of Hitler's Germany and part of the price Germany must pay for Hitler. With maddening monotonous regularity, whenever I talk with ordinary Germans in cafés, restaurants, bus stops, it is Roosevelt who is to blame for Berlin. "If Eisenhower didn't wait to let the Russians move in on Berlin, then we wouldn't have this problem today." One very frequently hears the opinion openly expressed that "if only the Americans had sided with Hitler instead of Russia, everything would be all right."

"There is something hypocritical," one German journalist confessed to me, "about our cries of 'inhuman' over the Wall. As if one could compare the killing of a few refugees with murdered millions. Of course, the murder of even one man is an outrage and I share my indignation with my fellow Germans. But our anguish would be less mocking if we had cried, 'Inhumane!' then. Just what do we Germans expect?"

ONE of the most misunderstood points about Berlin is that while Americans have repeatedly committed themselves to a firm position on Berlin itself, the Germans take it for granted that this commitment is identical with the entire German cause. When we say we will be firm on Berlin, just what do we mean? The Germans think we mean firmness also on the matter of reunification, and many of them interpret our stand to include the Oder-Neisse territories.

Yet many West German politicians pay only lip service to reunification and Adenauer's enemies accuse him of being soft on Berlin as well. It is an open secret that Adenauer's CDU wouldn't have had the remotest chance in a reunited Germany, since West Germany is about evenly divided between Catholics and Protestants while East Germany, being predominantly Protestant and traditionally socialist, would predictably vote SPD if it were reunited.

Another aspect of the Germans' attitude toward Berlin that has disappointed me is that in all this emotional uproar over Berlin and East Germany—which is understandable—everybody seems to have forgotten all the other prisoners behind a much older but just as divisive, inhumane and cruel a wall—I mean what ever happened to the Iron Curtain? It is still around, but nobody, whether in the press, television or conversation, mentions in connection with the Berlin Wall, the Czechs, Hungarians, Poles, Rumanians, who are just as much victims of Communism as the East Berliners.

Somebody ought to write a novel about the Wall and Berlin, but it would have to be a German, preferably a Berliner about forty-five years old, who fought in Hitler's wars, who lived through the hell of Hitler and Ulbricht. For in all the tonnage of copy that has been spewed forth onto the world about Berlin, in all this babble of voices, somebody has yet to portray the obvious: the Wall in Berlin is the place where Left and Right have come full circle.

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More on the Bomb

EARLY LAST MONTH in this page I discussed "Christians and the Bomb," a column occasioned by my being on a TV program devoted to morality and thermonuclear weapons. In my experience almost any television appearance, for better or for worse, brings considerable mail. This time, though, I received practically no mail, and I am interested in why this should be so.

I don't think it was the quality of the program; it was the subject. I have appeared on other TV programs which were not as good, but they brought in lots of letters.

This time, though, I got more mail from my column in these pages than I did from a program with millions of viewers. My conclusion is that people are so afraid of the Bomb that they don't want to talk about it, or that they consider it hopeless to even discuss Christian morality in connection with it. Either alternative is an unhappy one, yet I can see how they could develop.

Early in February Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara testified in secret before Congress on the subject of thermonuclear war. Portions of his testimony have since been released; they are quite explicit.

Mr. McNamara wants U.S. defenses to be strong enough that we could absorb a first strike and still feel capable of striking back only at enemy military installations. The idea would be not to hit Russian cities, in the hope of encouraging the Russians not to hit ours. Even though this means more rather than less money for defense, it makes good sense and it seems preeminently a course Christians should support. But the frightening thing about Mr. McNamara's testimony is that he is in fact quite pessimistic about his plan's chances for success.

Paradoxically enough, Mr. McNamara's pessimism comes from the fact that the Russians are not as advanced on thermonuclear weapons as we are. The bulk of the Soviet striking power is "soft," i.e., easily susceptible to destruction by our bombs. In this situation the danger is that the Russians would tend to use all their force in their first strike, presumably including cities in their targets; there would be no point in withholding part of their force since it is vulnerable anyway. Much of our striking force, on the other hand, is "hard," i.e., relatively invulnerable to attack. We could afford to hold back part of our power to use at our discretion in later strikes.

Presumably the Soviet Union is now trying to "harden up" its missile bases, a move which would give the U.S.S.R. more flexibility. Given the present situation, however, Mr. McNamara fears that any nuclear attack by the Soviet Union on the United States would include the major urban areas. In the initial phase of any all-out nuclear war, his estimate is, three hundred million persons would be killed, with the fatalities about equally divided between the U.S., the U.S.S.R. and Western Europe.

None of this makes happy reading. And yet, despite his own pessimism, Mr. McNamara still wants to develop a more flexible array of weapons on our side in order to encourage the Russians not to hit our cities. I agree with him; anything that might reduce those terrible casualty figures should be done, regardless of expense. And I admire him for sticking to his point in the face of Congressional efforts to slash back on the budget, to cling to the Eisenhower-Wilson theory of a "bigger bang for a buck."

All of us could well take a leaf from Mr. McNamara's book on this score. We must insist that morality is relevant even in a thermonuclear age. While resisting enslavement by an inhuman social order, we must insist on using means that are not themselves inhuman and unjust. We must keep the world from being swallowed by the Communists, but we must keep the world from destroying itself too.

In this task we start off with definite handicaps. It is not just that the problem is so huge; it is that we have for too long abdicated our own moral responsibility in this area. Who except the pacifists raises the question of a just war? An honored few.

Our big mistake, I think, was made in World War II. The Christian tradition has long been in the direction of civilizing warfare, yet in the last war too much of Allied policy became that of countering one atrocity with another. The war we fought was essentially just, but who can really justify, not only the attack on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but the obliteration bombing that we carried out against the cities of Europe? While condemning the concept of total war, we aped many of its methods. Indeed, once we took "unconditional surrender" as our national goal, we opened the door to a host of terrible evils. Yet how many Christian voices were raised in protest?

How explain this timidity, this failure to speak out? The central problem is that the Church does not occupy the place of honor it once did. It is tolerated, perhaps even praised on public occasions, but its concerns are no longer central. Even if the Church speaks, therefore, we cannot be sure that the princes of our day will listen. Yet this fact should not stop us—quite the contrary, for our problem arose precisely because Christians in large part absented themselves from the birth of the modern world. This is the omission we must now repair, on thermonuclear morality as in so many other areas.

JAMES O'GARA

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An Age of Prophets

MICHAEL D. ZEIK

IN A now-famous passage in his *Study of History*, Arnold Toynbee groups the Jews with the Parsees, an almost unknown, barely surviving Zoroastrian sect. Both, argues Toynbee, exist in a degraded diaspora, both "have lost their message to mankind," and both have "hardened into fossils of the extinct Syriac society."

To the Christian every bit as much as to the Jew, a comparison of the historical roles of the Parsee and the Jew has about the same validity as a comparison between Walden Pond and Niagara Falls. No doubt it is only by analogy, and only in the natural order, that men like Freud and Marx can be called prophets. But when one considers what the turbulent Jewish spirit has accomplished—especially in the last few centuries of Jewish entry into Western society—one can only recall God's commission to the prophet Jeremias: "Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations, and over kingdoms, to root up, and to pull down, and to waste, and to destroy, and to build and to plant."

We of the West have met but few Parsees, so what I say is subject to correction; but it does not appear that there is native to this earth a people so *naturally* apostolic as the Jews. Paul Tillich is right: the Jews continue in history to adhere to their prophetic role of hewing down all man-made idols (including those of nineteenth-century primitive, puritan capitalism; self-righteous Victorian respectability, and so on.) "Thou shalt have no *other* Gods before me," is the one law, says Tillich, that the great Jewish minds have never forgotten—even in the extreme case when they have forgotten their *own* God. And inasmuch as idol-chopping is always preservative of Christianity, the Church continues to be indebted to the House of Jacob. The Jew remains, not fossil, but prophet.

Nevertheless, the Jewish theologian Arthur Cohen worries about the problem in his new book, *The Natural and the Supernatural Jew (Pantheon. $6.)*. He is himself, of course, living proof of Toynbee's error—as are such other vital contemporary Jewish theologians as Will Herberg and Abraham Heschel. As the Catholic theologians Hans Küng and Karl Rahner have done with the Church, Mr. Cohen has undertaken to reassess Judaism, and to consider, in the light of its unchanging vocation, its contemporary obligation to reform. Indeed, it is a remarkable thing to find honest, probing figures arising in all three of the major western faiths today. I find it impossible to believe that it presages anything commonplace.

HERE IS THE problem of the contemporary Jew as Mr. Cohen sees it. Despite present-day misconceptions (of Jew and gentile alike), the Jew did not welcome the end of the Middle Ages with open arms. The *ghetto* principle was not entirely abhorrent to him. In one way, the medieval separation from the mainstream of European life, however much imposed from without, safeguarded and preserved the treasure of Jewish tradition and law. Therapeutic or otherwise, the Enlightenment came to the Jew as a shock. Blasted out of his traditional ghetto he found himself both beneficiary and *victim* of the new revolutionary egalitarianism. He received the ticket of admission to European society; but the price of that ticket was the flat down-payment of most of what had hitherto made him unique, had made him a Jew.

What is more, to his amazement, the European Jew found that even the sacrifice of such customs, ideas, and beliefs as made him unique, did not win him full, human acceptance. He could more or less understand the Christian's "theological hostility"; but the contempt of a thoroughly secular society was irrational. "It was therefore," argues Cohen, "all the more devastating . . . What the tyrannies of a powerful faith had failed to achieve, the insinuations of a secular society began to accomplish." The quality of Jewish life was bludgeoned. Whole areas of daily life, hitherto under the government of the Talmud, now came under the cold scrutiny of Caesar (in this instance, Napoleon Bonaparte). Rabbinic law, extracted from the warm mother-culture of the ghetto, was placed under the sharp microscope of Western rationalism and "Higher Criticism." The rationalistic West found little to admire in Talmudic studies; and the younger generations of Jews, for their part, found a whole "brave new world" in Western science and democratic social principles. The battle won by the Macabbees in the 2nd century B.C. was in danger of being lost in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries A.D.—the Jews were being Hellenized.

Secularization meant, not the loss of Jewish *lives*—

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although in its later Nazi form, it meant that also—but of Jewish *life*. What Mr. Cohen calls the "Natural Jew," the man who may bear the name and even pay the penalty of being a Jew, but who is void of the sense of Jewish vocation, ignorant of God's call to the Jews in history—the "Natural Jew" survived. But the "Supernatural Jew," the Jew whose life revolved around his sense of mission, his intuition of historical vocation, was in danger of extinction.

One must not read "immoral and moral," or "reform and orthodox," for "Natural and Supernatural Jew." The distinction Mr. Cohen makes is more subtle. There are moral "Natural Jews," and immoral "Supernatural Jews"; the Orthodox as well as the Reform Jew can lose his sense of God and substitute an idol—tradition for the one, humanitarianism for the other. In fact, Mr. Cohen rejects both the Reform and Orthodox reactions, opposite though they were, to the danger of loss of religious life. Reform Judaism, he says, grew up in Germany as a kind of watered-down Protestantism, without the dogmatic substance of original Protestantism. By contrast, Orthodox Judaism closed into itself and hurled bans and excommunications at the innovators, refusing to engage in the more difficult and constructive work of historical reappraisal.

INTO THIS GAP left by *both* Reform and Orthodox Judaism (Mr. Cohen considers Conservative Judaism a variant of Orthodox), stepped a number of independent Jewish thinkers, primarily German, to take up the challenge: Hermann Cohen, Leo Baeck, Franz Rosenzweig, and Martin Buber. Like Maimonides and Thomas Aquinas, they attempted to establish and to explore their faith in the light of the most powerful insights that secular culture and science could provide. What was the *modern* role of Judaism amidst the nations? Did Judaism have any part to contribute to the running dialogue of the spiritual and intellectual history of the West?

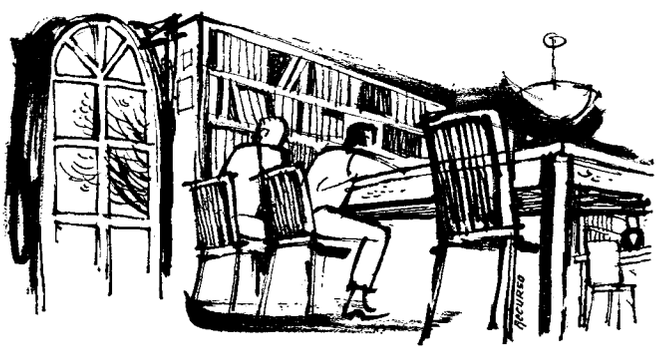
Their response, whatever its human shortcomings, was energetic; there was a veritable renaissance of German-Jewish thought. But it was not long-lived. Hitler snapped the thread of evolution. Of all these German thinkers, only Buber is alive today. It is up to American Jewry now, says Mr. Cohen, and he is not enthralled at the prospect.

Mr. Cohen contrasts American and European Jewry, it occurred to me, in much the same fashion that the historian of "the frontier," Frederick Jackson Turner, more broadly contrasts Americans and Europeans. Americans are *not* Europeans in another hemisphere, says Turner; and, according to Mr. Cohen, American Jews are *not* European Jews an ocean removed. The seed in each case was European, but the new amalgamation of soil and seed produced a variant psychological species. Whereas for Turner, however, the American facing the frontier was a hardier, bolder individual than the European, for Mr. Cohen, the American Jew has retreated from the spiritual frontier—the all-important confrontation between religious faith and secular development. The American Jew is less hardy and bold; he does not confront, he conforms.

The contrast between European disability and American opportunity overwhelmed the last barriers of separation that the Jews of the twentieth century were prepared to put up. So anxious were they to become an integral part of this land of opportunity that they divested themselves of what they considered their most provocative difference: religion. The irony, as Will Herberg has elsewhere pointed out, is that the Jewish religion is the least provocative thing about the Jew in the mind of the average American. In fact, to belong (at least statistically) to one of the "Big Three," the Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish faiths, is almost a requisite credential of acceptability in America—a kind of "credit card of character."

ONE MAY well wonder at this point whether all of this corresponds with the facts. Are the Jews being assimilated, is Judaism dying out in America? Or, on the contrary, is it not undergoing some kind of renaissance—are not community houses and beautiful new synagogues going up everywhere? Yet like many a Catholic critic of church "growth" in America, Mr. Cohen dismisses this phenomenon as so much brick and mortar. The heart is missing: "Jewishness" (the special dishes, the phrases, the jokes, the philanthropic organizations) flourishes; "Judaism," the wrestling with the living God, declines. The "Natural Jew" multiplies, in peace and prosperity; the "Supernatural Jew" is alone. Neither Reform nor Orthodoxy in America, he says, have been able to make religion relevant to the mass of modern uncommitted Jews. Orthodoxy does not speak to those who think in terms of Hegelian dialectics, or space-time concepts; nor does optimistic Reform Judaism offer much light to those who reflect on Auschwitz or Hiroshima.

What *is* the vocation of the Jew in this age of the apocalypse, the twentieth century? It is, first of all, to make Israel "Catholic." Israel must be Catholic, says Cohen, "in the sense that the truth of Judaism has rele-



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vance and bearing upon the destiny of mankind and in that it is the obligation of the Jew—not for himself alone, but for mankind—to preserve, transmit, and communicate that truth." The concept of "Catholic Israel" has obviously nothing to do with baptism; the author desires to see an "open" Judaism in vital confrontation with the major advances, retreats, and stalemates of Western history and thought. Nor does he think Judaism will be universally attractive to *Jews,* until it becomes more catholic and universal in itself.

Now while this book is written by a Jew, about the Jews, and for a Jewish audience, principally, it nevertheless opens up, in its pursuit of a more "Catholic" Judaism, problems of considerable interest to the Christian. Prophetic voices in all three major faiths of the West are crying out against the statistically successful but spiritually gutless practice of religion in the twentieth century. The members of Church and Synagogue have by no means openly rejected God and opted for Mammon; they have settled, so to speak, for "Gammon." But God is not hybrid, and neither is He mocked. Both Moses and Christ are described in Scripture as meek and humble of heart; but, confronting the Golden Calf, Moses smashed the tablets of the Law; and, disturbed by the clink of silver on holy ground, Christ lashed the moneychangers out of the Temple. God is a jealous God and a consuming fire. It is Mercy that destroys idolatry.

THUS, while Mr. Cohen is lamenting the corruption of Judaism into "Jewishness," Catholic theologians such as Hans Küng are asking: "How many people today still believe in the Church's message, how many actually *live* the Faith, how many are there practicing with any . . . *inner conviction*?" Mr. Cohen asks for a more relevant and universal—a more catholic—Israel; Robert McAfee Brown and Reinhold Niebuhr ask, in effect, for a more catholic Protestantism; and what is it that John XXIII is asking? Is it not for a more catholic Catholicism? Is it not for a Church manifestly concerned, not for its visible adherents alone, but for the gentiles, for the nations, for mankind?

And, in order to be open to mankind, in order, particularly, to be attractive to modern man, religion must be open to history, to change. Mr. Cohen sees this; Rudolf Bultmann, among other Protestants, sees it; and Father Karl Rahner, S.J., perhaps the most important living Catholic theologian, sees it—each, of course, in his different way. One is tempted to say that this generation of theologians is utilizing Hegel and "History" in much the same way that Philo and Augustine once worked with Plato and "Ideas," or Maimonides and Thomas with Aristotle and "Substance."

In the present context, it is useful to compare Mr. Cohen and Father Rahner. In the opening pages of his book (later on there is at least an apparent contradiction) Mr. Cohen sets up the following antithesis: God does not change, but man changes. Man's concepts, his awareness of himself and of the universe in which he lives, his spiritual and emotional needs change, in accordance with the period of history, the "zeitgeist," which he experiences. Dogmas, then, he says, may be true in *vacuo,* or better, in eternity, but irrelevant in history. "History both authenticates and compromises the truth of doctrine," writes Mr. Cohen. "The process of authentication is truth become historical, liberated from its stony abstractness." And so the dogmas he offers are empirical, existential, suitable to the twentieth-century situation of the Jew amid the nations, the Jew who has read Moses and Marx, Freud and Isaiah.

In the thought of contemporary Catholic theologians there is much that is similar—together with some interesting, and important, differences. Father Rahner, for instance, after first positing the binding nature and permanent validity of revealed truth, goes on to point out that all *human* (theological) statements of that truth are finite. They may be wholly true, without yet being adequate to the whole of the truth. Thus, "every formula in which the faith is expressed can in principle be surpassed while yet retaining its truth." From one age to the next, different facets of the same truth are brought forward to enrich our partial understanding of divine things. Unlike some emotional Catholics, Father Rahner would never say, "What a shame that we have saddled the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament with the Aristotelian notions of 'substance and accident.'" He would say that Thomas did a beautiful job with *his* metaphysical equipment; he enriched our theology immeasurably; now let this generation continue the work. Thomas was wholly true, without yet being adequate to the whole of the truth.

Moreover, both Rahner and Cohen agree that man's changing needs and insights are not to be attributed to mere caprice. They are "a response to the historical flux in which God and man met once and meet again and again (Cohen)." The evolution of dogma is not "the play of empty curiosity . . . [it is due to] the particular task, always changing . . . which is set him (man) by his inescapable situation in the world (Rahner).

THERE IS, nevertheless, this difference between the two theologians: for Mr. Cohen, history "compromises" as well as "authenticates" dogmatic truth; for Father Rahner, history "enriches" and elaborates, never compromises, truth. At most, as Jean Daniélou illustrates in *The Scandal of Truth,* modern science and technology *purify* our understanding of revelation by supplying natural for pseudo-supernatural explanations of certain events. Dogma is not, by this process, compromised, but safeguarded. It is a useful function to distinguish between the truly supernatural and the merely superstitious. The grand doctrinal thunder of the book of Genesis continues to sound in our ears; certain dated

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accretions, accidental imaginative overtones that the book may have acquired in previous generations–these go by the board.

There is another important difference between Mr. Cohen and Father Rahner. I alluded a moment ago to what seems to be a theological inconsistency in Mr. Cohen's book. It may be only "an apparent contradiction," but I cite it for what it shows of his concept of God. In the opening pages, Mr. Cohen sets up the antithesis, already described, between changing man and unchanging God. Toward the end of the book, however, when he confides what seem to be his more intimate convictions about the nature of God, we find something much more like Hegelian "Reason" than the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Thus we read that the infinity of God is only a *potential* infinity, potential completeness. "All is possible to God, but all is not actualized. . . . The outpouring of God into time–in creation, revelation, and redemption–is the process of actualization." It is, therefore, only through history that the infinite riches of divine possibility can be realized. "Time is the medium and history the substance of divine actualization." But what has happened here to the "unchanging God?" Divine "Reason" once revealed to Hegel that It was gradually realizing Itself in History. But when God revealed Himself to Moses on Mount Horeb, He spoke from the burning bush, "I am Who am." This is not the kind of "utilization of Hegel" which is going to "enrich" our understanding of the Old Testament. No doubt the *Temple* of God is being built up, living stone on living stone, through the ages. But who is the architect who presumes to fashion God?

But let us return to the agreements we have found, rather than the disagreements. Surely it is, in part, the furious pressure of modern paganism which pushes God-believing men, Protestant, Catholic, and Jew, closer together than ever before. Belief in the living God becomes the more precious: there are fewer to perpetuate it. Catholics and Protestants are now learning, painfully, awkwardly, to speak to each other in respect and with candor. It is comparatively easy to speak with one or the other. In our century, it is clear that God demands both. Has this also become possible between Christian and Jew?

In an earlier essay, Mr. Cohen once found even a thinker so "co-natural" to the Jews as Jacques Maritain to be "condescending" in granting Israel a subsidiary (though genuine) role in the mystery of salvation. I do not think "condescension" well describes what the Church feels toward the Synagogue. Mother and daughter often do not fully understand one another, but the yearning between them can not aptly be called condescension. On the other hand, I suppose the theoretical stance of Catholicism to Judaism is even more radical than condescension. The Catholic believes that Judaism is simply wrong when it asserts itself to be *still* the visible religious institution through which God leads the nations to their appointed ends: not condescension; contradiction.

And yet, the Catholic will not agree with Toynbee's charge. Israel is no fossil. Only the Synagogue, not the Jew, has been superseded. At the passing away of Christ, the veil of the Temple was rent; nevertheless, St. Paul assures us, "The gifts and the calling of God are without repentance."

For his part, I am sure, the Jew stands in clear doctrinal opposition to the believing Christian. Indeed, I am a little surprised at Mr. Cohen's seeming patience with the idea of Christianity as a kind of "alternate mystery" of salvation for the gentiles. But, like Catholic and Protestant in the midst of their differences, can Jew and Christian in the midst of *their* differences, learn to meet each other in candor and respect? In each case I think, yes; and I thank God that "History" (at whose name we all mentally genuflect these days) is bearing this out. In each case the bond of unity exerts a supernatural centripetal force sufficient to balance the doctrinal and emotional centrifugal forces pulling us apart. Note, I do not speak of the *unity* of Christian and Jew, only of the *bond* of unity. Their union, even more than the union between Catholic and Protestant, can be the work of God alone.

Christopher Dawson has written somewhere that the three religions of the West, Judaism, Catholicism, and Protestantism, are not so far removed, one from the other, but that they all undergo certain general developments at about the same time–they all tend to mysticism in one period, rationalism in another. God is this day visiting us all with prophets. It is a grace to live in an age of prophets; a greater grace to live when they are heeded. The root message of a Hans Küng, an Arthur Cohen, and a Karl Barth, is, "Do penance, and be converted. Make straight the paths of the Lord." For far more than developments in outer space, is the present age remarkable.

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The Pope's Bombshell

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

WHEN KHRUSHCHEV's daughter and son-in-law, Aleksei Adzhubei, were discreetly ushered into the Pope's private library, many Italian Catholics—and not only Italian—asked themselves: is the Pope really aware of what he is doing? Was this the right thing to do a few weeks before the Italian elections? Couldn't he at least have waited until after? Isn't this rushing of the "thaw" between Rome and Moscow going to create a dangerous confusion among Catholics?

The strange thing is that more or less the same questions were asked among Italian Communists—and not only Italian—on the other side. Nobody had any objections against normalization as such toward the Capitalist West since this is Khrushchev's policy, or even toward religion generally speaking. But was it really necessary and wise for his daughter and son-in-law to make this clamorous gesture toward the head of that Christian church which has always been considered the toughest and most difficult to cope with? Wouldn't it create dangerous confusion among Communists?

This was felt so strongly by Khrushchev's son-in-law that he repeatedly emphasized, before and after his meeting with the Pope, that he is a more convinced atheist than ever. And the Vatican Radio replied obligingly, making it clear that de-Stalinization does not mean that Communism has changed its fundamental anti-religious attitude or that there are any possibilities of compromise between Catholicism and Communism.

But the interrogation remained on both sides: why then this obvious rushing of a "thaw" which would have been much more unobtrusive if it had taken place by degrees? The Russians following Adzhubei went out of their way in order to explain why. The Soviet Union, they said, is anxious to have normal relations with all other nations. Since the Vatican is a sovereign State, it follows that the Soviet Union is glad to normalize its relations with it—that's all.

Moreover, while talking about Archbishop Joseph Slipyi, Archbishop of Lwow, and the highest ranking member of the brutally persecuted Catholic hierarchy of the Byzantine-Oriental rite within the U.S.S.R., they proved to be surprisingly well informed about the differences of rites and liturgies in this part of the world. Archbishop Slipyi was, as everybody knows, released recently by the Soviet authorities as a gesture of good will—directly from Siberia, where he had served a sentence of eighteen years in one of the worst concentration camps—and is now in Rome. The Russians following Adzhubei were anxious as well to contend that Archbishop Slipyi had rightly been condemned for grave offenses against his country—among other things collaboration with the Nazi invaders during the war—and that there was no reason not to release him now since he has served his sentence.

But all this did not explain the necessity to rush the procedure. The next step regards Cardinal Mindszenty, and more is coming. On this point the Russians made it clear that the present Pope is willing to talk and that he is very old. Who knows if the next Pope will be as willing? Why not profit from the favorable circumstances? Their attitude could not have been more businesslike.

HOW IS THIS rushing of the "thaw" explained on the Vatican side? In Rome it is by now taken for granted that normal relations at least on the level of consulates are soon to be established between the Vatican and Moscow; and a visit of Khrushchev to the Vatican is no more a wild guess, but something which is taking a more and more concrete shape. It has been made clear enough that the Pope is rushing the procedure for the very same reason as the Russians: he is well aware of his age and wants to achieve as much as possible before the Council resumes in September. But how can he expect anything of value for the Church from such contacts? There are reports that the persecution against religion in the Communist countries has not subsided; indeed, in some places the grip has hardened. People in Rome who are well placed to know think that the Pope wants direct contacts simply in order to try to avoid misunderstandings on both sides; as so far misunderstandings have cost too much. Moreover, there are more than fifty million Catholics in the Communist world. In other words, it is worth trying.

Is it going to work? Nobody knows. However, experts on the problem in Rome—and there are in fact a few who are outstanding—think that the first test is going to involve precisely the Catholic minority within the U.S.S.R. whom Archbishop Slipyi represents; that is, a few million Catholics of Byzantine-Oriental rite, who so far have not even been recognized by the Soviet

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authorities and their clergy who have suffered more than any other Catholic clergy within the Communist world. If this minority were to be officially recognized, it would be a first token of real good will, with hopes for at least a tolerable *modus vivendi* in the future.

Will all this affect the forthcoming Italian elections in favor of the Communists as so many Italian Catholics fear? Most observers agree that the change will not be great, basing their views on the results of the partial elections which have taken place since Christian Democracy started its "opening to the left." It seems that it will have more effect on the right than on the left. Many of those who earlier voted for Christian Democracy as a bulwark against Communism, are undoubtedly going to abandon it now in favor of some of the parties on the right. This tendency has already been clearly noticeable in favor of the Liberal Party.

And what is going to happen on the left? Are the workers who earlier voted for Christian Democracy now finally, without inhibitions, going to vote for the Socialists of the left or the Communists? Most observers foresee very slight changes on this point and are basing their opinions on the excommunication of Communists and all who favor Communism decreed by Pius XII soon after the end of World War II. The fact is that it had practically no effect on the elections. Large segments of the Italian industrial working class, and particularly of the workers on the land, went on as stubbornly as before to vote Communist, at the same time as they remained attached to the Church of their fathers. They simply could not see any contradiction between the two. The efforts of the clergy to convince them were of no avail. Their reaction to the present trend is simply that they are even more attached to the Church of their fathers, at the same time as everything indicates that they are going to vote Communist as before.

What of the others, especially the workers who earlier voted for Christian Democracy? There is no reason why they too should not go on voting for Christian Democracy. Experience has proved, however, that among them some may now vote for the Social Democrats or even for the Socialists of the left as the latter detach themselves from Communism.

Christian Democracy may therefore lose to the right and slightly to the left. But this does not seem to worry Pope John XXIII. He seems first of all to be well aware of the fact that he is not only the head of the Italian Church, but of the Church all over the world. Even if Christian Democracy in Italy is going to lose slightly during the forthcoming elections, then that fact has only a relative weight compared to the possibility that the Catholics within the Communist world, more numerous than all the inhabitants of Italy, are going to have a more tolerable existence than before. The experiment is undoubtedly risky, but seems to be worth trying and it has to be done now.

THE STAGE

Between Anger and Despair

And there, there overhead, there, there, hung over
Those thousands of white faces, those dazed eyes
There in the starless dark the poise, the hover,
There with vast wings across the canceled skies,
There in the sudden blackness the
black pall of nothing, nothing,
nothing—nothing at all.

—Archibald MacLeish
"The End of the World"

LIKE an enormous fake elephant, an inflated contrivance to elicit oohs and ahs from the children, Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" has come into view again on Broadway, after having been in storage for nearly thirty-five years. And the children have responded beautifully, walking around the astonishing object with awed faces, in loving patience and with a sense of privilege, as if everything else on display in the world could now only be thought of as an illusion next to this thick, grey reality. Ah children, Jumbo is back. Ah dear children, when are we going to see you grow up?

Bernard De Voto once wrote *a propos* of O'Neill that "'Lazarus Laughed,' 'The Great God Brown,' 'Marco Millions' or 'Dynamo'—one or another of them must be the silliest play of our time." Just so. But I would nominate "Strange Interlude" for more refulgent honors: as the most atrociously ill-written and ill-conceived play of our time, as the falsest "masterpiece" in the theater, as very likely the worst play that has ever been written by a dramatist with a reputation. And what makes its current revival such an occasion for outrage is precisely the reverent atmosphere surrounding the event, the fact that as the first offering of the Actors Studio, that *soi-disant* savior of the arts of the theater in America, it is being presented as Revelation, crammed as full of stars as the Milky Way and made to blot out by its sheer pretentious gaseous bulk, its surrogate presence, any glimpse we might have had of an area of hope for maturity on our native stages and among our audiences.

I beg my readers' indulgence. I cannot decide which is greater, my anger or my despair, and I cannot be temperate. There is a process which psychiatry calls "abreaction," the "release of psychic tension through verbalizing," and I ask to be allowed to engage in it. Oh, the unrelieved horror of that evening, which began at six, was interrupted at eight thirty for a dinner break (during which strong-armed waiters from nearby restaurants hustled the "Interlude crowd" to tables and thrust "Interlude Specials" in front of us) and continued on until half past eleven, although long before that hour the experience had taken on the quality of bitter,

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hopeless eternity. Bathed in the piety and idiot enthusiasm of that audience for whom O'Neill is holy writ, assaulted in our intelligence, esthetic faculties and simple hope of physical survival, we came as close to conceiving an irreparable hatred for the theater as only such a misuse of it as this can bring you to.

The despair sets in immediately, from the moment Mardsen, the effete novelist, utters the play's first line —"How perfectly the professor's unique haven!"—and all the dim memories of the impossible language revive and sicken you with foreboding. It is a commonplace to speak of O'Neill's verbal deficiencies, but in "Strange Interlude" they are at their most flagrant because the play is literally nothing but talk—grotesquely artificial dialogue and those intolerable asides which have been seen as a profound theatrical innovation but which instead constitute one of the most colossal dramaturgical evasions on record.

The asides either tell the audience what it already knows or serve to choke the action of the play; the one thing they never do is contribute to any understanding of the characters that could not have been gained through direct speech, if O'Neill had been capable of that. It is just the playwright's task to make dialogue illuminate inner states, to fuse expression with the not-to-be-expressed. And indeed the fantastic ineptitude of "Strange Interlude" can be seen by measuring it against any work by Strindberg, the master whom O'Neill plundered and so badly misunderstood, and who in seven minutes on the same themes of sexuality, repression and the ravages of passion could convey precisely through dialogue unfathomably more than O'Neill in his four-and-a-half-hours of mutterings.

Quarter-baked Strindberg, tenth-rate Freud—the play is a vast mine of reductive psychologizing, spurious philosophy, adolescent mysticism, unrealized emotion and sentimentality on an epic scale. I have the space and the remaining sanity to quote only these examples from its endless wind-tunnel of false, foolish language:

"Yes, he's dead—my father—whose passion created me—who began me—he is ended. There is only his end living—his death. It lives now to draw nearer me, to draw me nearer, to become my end!"

"Oh, afternoons . . . dear wonderful afternoons of love with you, my lover . . . you are lost . . . gone from me forever!"

". . . and what has their loving to do with me? . . . my life is cool green shade wherein comes no scorching zenith sun of passion and possession to wither the heart with bitter poisons . . . my life gathers roses, coolly crimson, in sheltered gardens, on late afternoons in love with evening . . . my life is an evening . . . Nina is a rose . . . my rose. . . ."

Is it possible that this can really be taken seriously? Does the Actors Studio all-star cast take it seriously? Yes indeed, for it gives these self-indulgent, arrogant performers a mighty opportunity to exhibit themselves in all their panoply of mannerism, artiness and self-myth. And José Quintero has directed them in exactly the way which will best give the lie to the Studio's professions of belief in ensemble playing: as a group of discrete individuals who occupy their respective areas of the stage as though they were independent and self-sufficient fiefdoms.

In the role of Nina, Geraldine Page has lapsed back into her archest peculiarities, the breathiness, curled lip, portentous pauses and Mona Lisa smile which were splendid properties for a starlet on the way up. As Darrell, Ben Gazzara wears the same coat hanger under his suit that has always determined his mannequin movements; as Sam, Pat Hingle capers frantically around in order to convey the Natural Man; as his mother, Betty Field exhibits an astounding consistency in maintaining a piercing non-stop one-note delivery; as Nina's father, Franchot Tone seems in imminent danger of collapse; and as Madeline, Jane Fonda is her usual obnoxiously ingénue self. Only William Prince as Marsden seemed to me to come off with a shred of dignity. In this most absurd of all these absurd roles he managed to hold out a truth of his own which beat back the nonsense that O'Neill had written. It was a handsome performance, one that overcame all those references to his mother-fixation and the murderous lines about purity and passionless love.

And so that is the scene. I have eased my rage and frustration in describing it to you, but you may wish to subject yourself to it nevertheless. If you are a masochist, there is nothing I can say, I have in fact helped you. But if you merely wish to subject yourself to O'Neill, out of unresolved confusion or lingering respect, I suggest you choose instead the film of "Long Day's Journey Into Night." In that play, as in a few others of his last years, O'Neill broke through, became an artist and found the form for his vague floating passion for the "big things." In "Strange Interlude" the big things have no form, no language and, finally, no existence whatsoever. (*At the Hudson.*)

RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

They Is Here

ALFRED Hitchcock, whose advertising campaign for his latest movie announced "*The Birds* is coming," is a clever cookie. Schoolboys changed the "is" to "are" and adults, proud of their grammatically trained youngsters, smirked knowingly. In any case, everyone, but everyone, was aware of "The Birds." Those who see "The Birds," now that it's out, are likely to be even

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more impressed with Hitchcock's wonderful technical tricks in the film. What he does, or at least what he makes you think he does, with our fine-feathered friends is almost incredible.

The picture's heroine (pretty newcomer Tippi Hedren) delivers a pair of lovebirds at Bodega Bay, California, at the house where a young lawyer (Rod Taylor) is staying with his mother (Jessica Tandy) and eleven-year-old sister (Veronica Cartwright). Afterward, as Tippi is crossing the bay, a gull swoops down and gashes her forehead. Next day, at Veronica's birthday party on the lawn, a whole flock of gulls attack the children. On the following morning, Jessica finds that a neighboring farmer has been pecked to death by birds. And that afternoon, when worried Jessica sends Tippi to pick up Veronica at school, some three hundred crows descend on the children, pecking and gashing right and left, and finally killing the schoolteacher. who saved Veronica.

The war of the birds continues as they throw the town into panic in a series of frightening scenes, most terrifying of which takes place in Jessica's house, which Rod has boarded up. But the crows and gulls peck against the boards, and when Tippi foolishly goes up into the attic, she is viciously attacked again and again in a bloody scene as hard to watch as the one in Hitchcock's "Psycho" when Anthony Perkins stabbed Janet Leigh over and over *ad nauseam.*

But what, one may ask after that intriguing campaign with "*The Birds* is coming," does all this lead up to? The answer is: nothing. In writing the movie script, Evan Hunter changed Daphne du Maurier's scary little horror story considerably; and Hitchcock makes the most of the new characters and red-herring situations which are never explained but provide food for the birds. The well-made picture, with its lovely color photography and good acting, adds up to little more than a startling exercise in horror. The music, or rather the electronic sound compositions played on a Trautonium, fits the gloomy story perfectly, and so does the *veni, vidi, vici* ending with Rod and his girls sneaking off to San Francisco in the dim light while hundreds of the victorious birds wait smugly on the lawn.

PERHAPS "The Birds" is trying to say that people deserve this kind of chastisement because of man's inhumanity to man—and to beast. An Italian documentary film, made by Gualtiero Jacopetti, has collected samples of man at his worst, edited and set them side-by-side so that the viewer's mind carries the shock of one scene to the next until the whole document becomes a hodgepodge of nightmares. All this is called "Mondo Cane" which means "a dog's world," but this isn't really a dog's world as audiences probably realize: immediately after the shots of people mourning their dear, departed animals in a Pasadena pet cemetery, the camera shows a Formosa restaurant where customers eat dogs and even choose their puppy before it is cooked.

Throughout the picture, which has a commentary in English, the camera jumps from one display to the next: Rossano Brazzi's clothes are torn off by admiring females; women of Trobriand hunt and chase the men; scantily-covered males and females on the prowl on the French Riviera; women suckling pigs in New Guinea and men, breaking their long fast, eating partly cooked pork. On and on goes this collection of tid-bits, most of which are devoted to eating habits. But they also include flagellation, bathing ceremonies in Japan, funeral services in China, bulls on the streets of Portugal, the effects of atomic radiation on the animals of Bikini, etc., etc., right to the last morsel of yellow journalism in which this carefully selected anthology indulges. Since the film has been extremely successful abroad, it may do well here too. Freaks have a morbid fascination, even when their freakishness is not real but only implied.

AS if we haven't had enough shock this week, the movie version of "The Balcony" opened and caused more excitement. Since I didn't see Jean Genet's stage play on which it is based, I am at a disadvantage; but I understand the screenplay by Ben Maddow simplifies the original and even omits much of the point of the whole thing. The movie, directed by Joseph Strick, is set like the play in a brothel that is also a palace of illusion. Ironically, this brothel-palace in the film is a film studio to which customers come and can pretend to be someone else when with the girls. Among the regular customers, a gas company employee, given bishops vestments in a churchy setting, has a penitent-girl. Another, a milk man, wears a general's uniform and has a horse-girl. And still another, wanting to be a judge, appears in judicial robes and conducts a trial for his prisoner-girl.

The unnamed country in which all this takes place is in the midst of a revolution; and when the police chief (Peter Falk) comes to tell the madame (Shelley Winters) that he is losing the battle to the revolutionists who have got rid of all the symbols of authority, she suggests that the police chief parade the fake bishop, general, and judge through the streets. He does. And while the ending to all this is much different from the play, it has its satirically-amusing touch. The brothel girls strip both the police chief and his opponent and send them out into the streets with bath towels wrapped around their middles. No one looks sillier than a man in a bath towel.

I'm not sure that Genet's play should have been turned into a movie. The camera with its realistic eye is too brutal, and some of the scenes become more embarrassing than meaningful. I doubt if "The Balcony" will either shock or please most audiences very much; most will probably just wonder what on earth the movie is all about.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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Three Men and a Search for Their Roots

Past Eve and Adam's. By Thomas Curley. Atheneum. $5.95.

by Martin Tucker

THOMAS Curley's second novel is a fat book which delves into the lives of several articulate laymen who are of different faiths, moralities, and social milieus, but whose common quest is for identity. Curley has the storyteller's gift: his characters come alive in their particularities, and the novel moves from crisis to crisis in a swift, graceful tempo. There are few dull pages to impede the reader's progress, but there is a flaw. Curley imposes a rationale from without, a philosophic justification for the total failure of one character, the near-success of another, and the self-abnegation of the third. The philosophic musings remain unassimilated to the strictly literary ingredients.

The novel deals with three men whose lives become enmeshed with each other. Phil Fay is the ineffectual dreamer whose madness has a touch of the divine about it, a Catholic renegade whose prodigality makes him the delight and the scapegoat of those who never venture beyond safety. Gerald Weems is the Protestant success—worldly, slim, sleek, and decisive. Like Fay, he has left a small town in Massachusetts for the pursuit of the dream in New York. Weems' dream is attained because it is attainable—his plans materialize because they are all material. Sid Stein is a New Yorker who comes to live in Thatcher, Fay's and Weems' home town, with his wife and who, at the end of the novel, stays there. Stein is a variant of the wandering Jew, one who finally finds his place in the school system of a small town. He is the Bohemian turned local eccentric.

All three men, their wives, and most of their immediate families become involved in a search for the roots of Weems and Fay. Weems, on his way home from a tennis match, sees Fay's splotched face in the hallway of a seedy tenement in lower Greenwich Village. Not wishing to acknowledge his past, he does not call to him. When, however after a return to Thatcher, he learns the details of Fay's father's will, he decides to retrieve Fay. Thus begins the odyssey.

Curley's interest lies in human motivation and his novel has all the intrigue of a psychoanalytic journey. One layer of rationalization leads to another, until the troubling core is reached. Weems, for example, finds Fay—at least partly—to thwart Fay's sister Mary. He had loved Mary and left her when she refused to marry him. Now, on his return to Thatcher he meets her again, a still beautiful woman married to a local mediocrity, the principal of Thatcher High School. In producing the wreck of Fay, Weems is emphasizing the success of his own life. And in bringing Fay back, he takes away the father's house in which Mary still continues to live.

Unfortunately for Weems the journey does not end there. It is only the beginning of his self-discovery, a journey that proves more painful for him than for Fay. Fay is not content to remain a drunkard and a masochist. And in dredging up the past Fay determines the future for his friends and acquaintances.

Past Eve and Adam's is influenced by many sources. The title, from *Finnegan's Wake*, makes explicit reference to Joyce's and Vico's idea of the commodious circles of life coming full center. But more than Joyce the novel is immersed in the techniques of psychoanalysis. Each character confronts himself in an obsession to discover some guiding, basic secret of identity. Fay is only the devil's advocate, the fallen angel who questions; who must know why his father hated him. He pores over his father's journals, and in time casts doubt on Weems' legitimacy. The

Spells

This mummied lent
This autumn out of season is not more
Distrustful than the spring which bore it,
More near the truth
In fact, being sparse
And less disposed to green. Spring, autumn:
Symbols of a larger discontent, symbols
More nearly growing,

Rooted in the marrow.
Love is a lent or harvest when the heart
Blossoms or the petals fall, a falling
Comet struck from
A November branch:
Love is a season only when the long cold
Rain dispassionates, objectifies, making the
Pulsing heart not

More live than symbol.
But strikes an hour when even rain, cold
As the marrow in my reason, cold as the
Solemn hand of
A stillborn child,
Cannot mummy spring or bud the apple on a
Lenten bough, cannot objectify anguish to
A comfortable season.

JOHN L'HEUREUX

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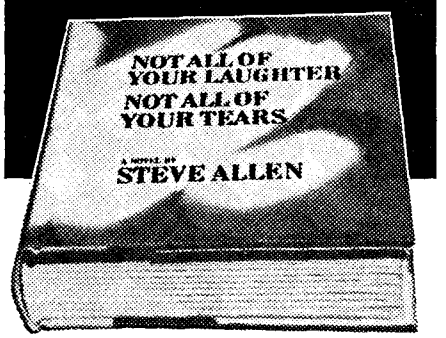

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riddle of Weems' parentage is never solved, and the obsession with self-identify captures the Protestant who had cast all paralytic doubts aside. Weems is left with what must be the narcissist's dream of heaven: next week I'm going to talk about somebody else.

In an age when psychoanalysis has contributed so much to literature, it is easy enough to demand newer and more revolutionary approaches to the novel. The fault in this one does not lie with Curley's use of past traditions. Granted his theme, his form, and his view, he does marvels with his story. Yet the book, while searching so deep and offering so many extraordinarily rendered moments of perception, comes up with little illumination. Fay remains a wanderer, unable to use the past. Weems, in refusing the past, cannot enjoy the present or the future. Only Stein, the Jewish Bohemian, seems to have found a meaning for the search besides his obsessional need. He is also the book's most imperfectly realized character.

Curley has said his novel is a reflection of modern man's inability to use tradition. The past, without a thread of tradition to guide it, becomes "endangered, and men without a past cease, in a sense, to be fully human, for they lack the dimension of depth which only memory can provide." In Weems and Fay, the loss of the past—because of a lack of tradition in which to place it – is beautifully conveyed. But though Curley says of Stein that he retains some instinctual security, and that his "instinctive dislike of non-objective painting is, for me, evidence of his desire *not* to lose tradition," he remains a shadowy Bohemian; in place of tradition he has only an overwhelming, although charming, primitivism.

The Life of Reason

Rational Man. By Henry B. Veatch. Indiana University Press. $5.

by Michael Novak

IN OUR generation men prefer the irrational; few dare to live by reason. To live irrationally—by tradition, sentiment, impulse, sincerity, pragmatics—seems rational because it is safe: everything happens irrationally, so protect yourself. "Reason more than anything else *is* man," Aristotle said, but today his voice sounds faint and highly ironic. There is no ethical system more profound, supple, humanistic, liberating than that of Aristotle, but almost everything on the American academic scene prevents philosophers from even grasping what Aristotle said.

Mr. Veatch, in this modest "Modern Interpretation of Aristotelian Ethics," diagnoses where the blocks are and moves past them. His is a clear and deeply felt book; it is, however, for students rather than for professors, and that in itself may be an obstacle for the learned.

The first major block is that to our contemporaries rational means rationalistic. They think of the ethics *more geometrico* of Spinoza, the systematizing of Hegel and Bradley, the Scholastic and casuistic handbooks and of the compromises demanded under the rubric, "Be reasonable!" So many abuses have been committed in the name of intelligence that most men revolt against the imperative to live intelligently. But they give reasons for living the way they do and thus make their appeal to intelligence after all. The relativist and the existentialist mask their appeal to intelligence, but make it just the same.

Mr. Veatch quotes Mussolini, for example, who said that everything he had said and done was "relativism by intuition": "If relativism signifies contempt for fixed categories and men who claim to be the bearers of an objective, immortal truth . . . then there is nothing more relativistic than Fascist attitudes and activity. . . . From the fact that all ideologies are of equal value, that all ideologies are mere fictions, the modern relativist infers that everybody has the right to create for himself his own ideology and to attempt to enforce it with all the energy of which he is capable." The American relativist, of course, does not believe in enforc-

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ing his own views, but in tolerance. Why? The instant he gives reasons he enters the path of intelligence and must justify his decisions. He begins, in short, seeking the intelligent way for men to live.

The second block is that the basic scientific schema of explanation, the model men have most in mind, is functional correlation. But functional correlation derives from the Baconian injunction that "Knowledge is power"; it was designed for the manipulation of things. Those who are committed to it and who turn to human behavior inevitably end by manipulating others or even themselves. It is no wonder our academies are filled with intelligent, erudite men of much insight and many intellectual skills who nevertheless manipulate, and do not know themselves. They know themselves as things, but not as persons. Contemporary literature is the story of their evacuation as persons, and of their fate as shells.

The third block is the schizophrenia between town and university life in America. "Reason" means the cool, detached observer who works with correlations and sees all "ideologies" as equally fatuous. "Virtue" means conformity to our society: Fourth of July, "Worship in Church This Sunday," Eisenhower is a *good* man. No wonder the American intellectual is morally impotent: science cannot be lived, and the conventions to which relativism bids him turn are abysmally stupid. American intellectuals are expatriates even when they remain *in* the country, and the people sense that they are foreigners.

The fourth block is that Anglo-American professional philosophers have equipment enough to handle only the surfaces of issues. They disregard the struggle toward insight and decision, because their method only suits external behavior. They disregard the imperative of consistency between one's moral insights and one's actions, because they are only looking for logical consistency between one's ethical propositions. External behavior and verbal propositions are so infinitely removed from Socrates that one wonders how his name can be mentioned among them. Their bewitchment with science has brought philosophy to its low estate.

Finally, Anglo-American professional philosophers would not be so gross as to say that God is dead. But, as Mr. Veatch points out, they take care to keep the point from being raised by hurling "Naturalistic Fallacy" across the path of anyone who starts in the direction of a moral order for all men. This fallacy, canonized into ethics by G. E. Moore fifty years ago and overpowering Anglo-American ethics ever since, is the attempt to pass from "is" to "ought," from the fact that certain facts are natural to the claim that they are good. No description of behavior defines good, because of any proffered description ("To do God's will") one can say that its negative is conceivable. Veatch rightly questions Moore's criterion of definition; and he should, but doesn't, press the fact that Aristotle is at pains *not* to define good but, flexibly, to point out an exemplar: the man of practical wisdom.

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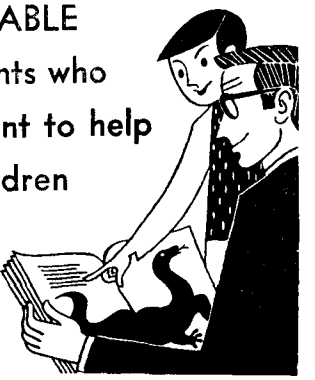

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then, is to make it possible to understand a new meaning for "rational," a new schema for explanation, a way of talking about men as persons rather than as things. Western intelligence, particularly in America, cannot justify itself; it follows its heart in proclaiming, without arguing why, "tolerance is good," or "freedom will win." If these are mere feelings, or a mere reading of the dialectic of history, they are only variations on the very themes which feed sentimental national socialism and dialectical materialism. If they are insights into the intelligent way for men to live on earth, they speak to all men with the impact of conscience—a conscience able to awake from sleep.

In abstracting the larger themes underlying Mr. Veatch's argument, I have not done justice to the organization of his own treatment. He begins by asking what ethics is, in a context where learning is different from living, and relativism reigns. He claims that the examined life, the fulfillment of man's drive to know himself, is man's natural end. He treats virtue as skill, and sketches in a broad, general way how feelings, affections, emotions, and inclinations stand to fully intelligent, realistic living.

Veatch shows how doing is more than knowing, and how choosing is more than doing, so that the art of living is more complex than the art of learning or of making. He questions whether failure and unhappiness are our own responsibility; and whether bad luck and the force of circumstances absolve us from living intelligently. In the chapter "What if God is Dead?" he argues against the utilitarians and G. E. Moore; and in the last chapter he turns to existentialism to argue for intelligent, not uncriticized, commitment.

Mr. Veatch argues that relativism works in theory better than in practice: *doing* demands preferred choices. Against existentialism, he argues for *intelligence* in making choices. With Aristotle, he argues that enlightenment is the natural end of man; living the examined life yields a conscious selfhood, a dignity based on self-determination. What Robert Bolt's *A Man For All Seasons* does dramatically, Mr. Veatch does philosophically. He removes the associations of rationality with cleverness (Goebbels was an intelligent man) and with behaviorism (the self does not submit itself to methods devised for things). The one notion of Aristotle's ethics which Mr. Veatch does not understand is that of contemplation. Otherwise, *Rational Man* carries the seeds of an integral humanism. There is a rash of rhetorical questions in it, which could just as well be assertions; unfashionable, the book is slightly defensive in tone. It will not convince the experts of the opposition, but it may lead younger students to the studies which, some day, will.

Saroyan Continued

Boys and Girls Together. By William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

by William James Smith

THIS is Volume XXXIV in the autobiography of William Saroyan. In it he appears in a third-person disguise, but you may be able to pick him out. In point of fact he is everyone in the book—man, woman, and child. Mr. Saroyan's great skill has always been the essential simplicity of self-dedication.

There should be something additionally praiseworthy to point out, as,

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for example, that he is a master of the mechanics of his art. But he seems not so much to have mastered the mechanics of his craft as to have avoided them. There is no creaking of machinery because there is no machinery.

Saroyan is, in any event, a master of the flat conversational exchange. This short novel consists chiefly of a nagging dialogue between a middle-aged writer (I see you!) and his beautiful young wife, who doesn't think much of said writer or the kids or their finances or his writing or his roving eye or his gambling or the maid or California or anything else—except having fun.

The writer-husband wants to have fun too. He would almost sooner have fun than write. He only writes so he can make money and have fun. Fun consists of getting drunk and driving someplace expensive and getting drunker.

Daisy, the wife, has two or three girl friends who are also young and beautiful and married to old goats who like to drink and have fun. They all get together for a little Bacchic lasciviousness but the fun is momentarily interrupted by one of the old goats, who pops off of a heart attack. This saddens the other men but the wives rejoice and order another bottle of scotch.

These Nathanael West incidents are presented with a spurious objectivity. And Saroyan is not without an objective ideal: "If writing were words, writing would be easy. Writing is stuff that happens in spite of words. There's no other way for writing to happen than *with* words, but at the same time it's got to happen in spite of them. The thing that gets you in writing is the story the words themselves don't *tell* you but make you *know*."

To a real extent he succeeds in this book. But much of it consists of *telling*. "It's tough," says the hero. "The going's tough. You'll never know the half of it. I'll never be able to tell the half of it. Somewhere along the line I was overwhelmed. I lost my luck. I'll never be able to tell the half of it. I'll never be able to get just a little of it straight. It doesn't want to come straight. Living was always better ways more hideous than I ever knew how to tell; always more hideous than I ever knew how to tell. I lost it. I had to lose it. Everybody has to lose it. It's given only to be lost. I'll tell you what I wanted. Well, I don't think I can even tell you that straight. I guess I wanted plenty, but I can't tell it straight."

Mr. Saroyan sees all of life through an iridescent veil of tears. The voice is always on the point of cracking. You begin hoping that one of the other characters in his novel will slap him on the back and say "Come on, buck up, Bill! Things aren't as bad as all that. You don't have to brood about the beauty and the mystery and the sadness of life *all* the time. Have some fun." This is a vain hope, though. There's no one to slap him on the back. There just is not anyone there.

REVIEWERS

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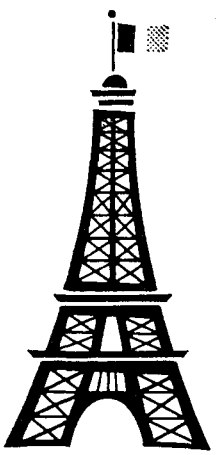

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